2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

342 house if the sky is clear when they make camp. In the night, when the rain finally does come, they either lie asleep where they are, start up and hurriedly throw together a house from whatever material happens to be lying about, or wander sleepily into the ethnologists tent, where they crowd together sleeping almost on top of one another. If the ethnologist descends from his hammock on such a night he steps on someone's face or kicks an infant in the ribs.

These houses that the Kaingáng are so loath to build are made by tying arched boughs to a high transverse that is supported by two uprights sunk in the ground. Horizontal boughs are laid and tied across the arched ones, and the whole is covered with leaves to within about two feet of the ground. The result is a long shelter open completely on three sides and partly open on the fourth, with a curved roof that forms the rear wall. A man and his wife can put one up in half an hour. When there are many people the house may be doubled so that instead of the arch being like this:

it looks like this:

If people arrive unexpectedly the house can be extended indefinitely by the addition of transverse beams.

[354] 513 On the edge of the long side of the house long logs are laid for the fires; and the Indians sleep in a row with their feet to the fire. Since these houses are not partitioned into family rooms the opportunity for anyone to gratify his curiosity is limited only by the height of the flames and by his good manners. At night when the men have come in and the flames are leaping, the pots bubbling, and the meat roasting, the houses fill with blinding smoke. After supper the fires die down, and it is pitch-dark beyond the faint red glow of the coals. A few hours later it is impossible to see what is going on, and even the Indians cannot tell which dark bulk is Vomblé and which his wife, Kulí. Although everyone is careful to provide a place for himself when camp is made, there is no certainty that he will actually sleep there, for the Kaingáng are nomadic even in their sleep. Although Véye may eat with his wife he may get up to wander over to Chukembégn's fire for a few nuts and to Waipó's for a bit of fruit, and if sleep overtakes him at Waipó's he will sleep there. Perhaps later in the night when the chill and stiffness have crept into his bones he will get up and wander sleepily over